ARTISTS AND AUTHORS

Throughout the country will oblige us by forwarding contributions, which will be paid for on acceptance or promptly returned.

HENRY BONSALL,
CONVEYANCER,
No. 416 Walnut-street,
PHILADELPHIA

GROVER & BAKER'S
NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.
THE BEST IN USE.
495 BROADWAY, New-York,
182 FULTON-STREET, Brooklyn

ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL. Edited by practical men, and Illustrated. $2 a year. The most Valuable paper of its kind ever published. Publishers, A. HARTHILL & Co., 20 North William-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents, in weekly numbers, or in monthly parts, stitched, with cover.

VOL. 2. NO. 32

VANITY FAIR

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 113 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO ADVERTISERS,

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

With number twenty-seven we send our readers a Title-page and Index to Volume One. Our original cover is presented as the fittest title-page to that volume. In binding, the outer (advertising) sheet of the first twenty-six numbers may be omitted.

NOW READY,

Volume One of VANITY FAIR, in a neat and strong binding. Price $2 00.

For sale at the office of publication,
113 Nassau-street.

VANITY FAIR.

Rates of Advertising in Vanity Fair.

On the 2d and 4th pages, 10 cts. per line each insertion
On the 16th page 15 " "
On the 1st page 50 " "

*** Instead of making a deduction as heretofore in the case of standing advertisements, the rate in future, will be as above for each insertion, and from this there will be no deviation,

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS.

AND

PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES OF

ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,

AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS,

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

In the South and West, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.

COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, CHOLIC.

DYSPEPSIA.—No person with this distressing disease should delay using these medicines immediately

Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Flatulency.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent. Try them, be satisfied, and be cured

Foulness of Complexion,

General Debility

Gout, Giddiness, Gravel, Headache of every kind, Inward Fever, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.

Pains in the head, side, back, limbs, joints, and organs.

RHEUMATISM.—Those afflicted with this terrible disease will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, in its worst forms, Ulcers of every description.

Worms of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THESE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS

PURIFY THE BLOOD,

and thus remove all disease from the system.

WM. B. MOFFAT, Proprietor,
335 Broadway, N. Y.

DEAN, THOMPSON & CO.,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON,
TOBACCO,
FLOUR,
GRAIN,
PROVISIONS,
WHISKEY,

AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

NO. 6 CAMDEN STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

☞ Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments.

WORCESTER'S ROYAL QUARTO DICTIONARY,

ILLUSTRATED.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND IN PRESS.

THE EXECUTIVE PRINTING,

THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS,

THE OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE,

Do conform in Orthography to

WORCESTER'S QUARTO.

In accordance with certificates of
JOHN HEART ESQ., SUP. PUBLIC PRINTING;
HON. J. W. FORNEY, CLERK H. R., U. S.;
JOS. MATTINGLY ESQ., FOREMAN CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE;
COL. W. HICKEY, CHIEF CLERK SENATE, U. S.;
JOHN C. FITZPATRICK, CLERK ACCTS. SENATE, U. S.,
R. C. DANIELS ESQ., CLERK ACCTS., H. R.;
HON. PHILIP F. THOMAS, COM. PATENTS;
WILLIAM E. JILLSON ESQ., LIBRARIAN PATENT OFFICE;
PROF. JOS. HENRY, SEC., SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE;

The lapse of a few months will be sufficient to establish WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY as the acknowledged standard of reference among the scholars of England and America.—*London Literary Gazette, Feb.* 11, 1860.

Letters of similar purport have been received from the following eminent English philologers, viz. CHARLES RICHARDSON, the venerable author of *Richardson's Dictionary*. HERBERT COLERIDGE, SEC. Philological Society, RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. H. SMART, and also from REV. DR. BOSWORTH, Prof. Anglo-Saxon at Oxford University, who says:

"In short, it is the most complete and practical, *the very best* as well as the cheapest English Dictionary that I know, and I have, therefore, no doubt of its success." *From* HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, *late Minister to Constantinople, and author of Lectures on the English Language.*

I have examined the new edition of Dr. Worcester's Dictionary with care, and have formed a very favorable opinion of its merits.

The principal points to be aimed at in a hand-dictionary are accuracy in orthography and orthoepy—the written and spoken form of words.

Precision and distinctness in definition.

Fullness in vocabulary, and truth in historical etymology.

The work of Dr. Worcester is unquestionably much superior to any other general Dictionary of the language in every one of these particulars, and it is therefore, entitled to rank first among the existing helps to a complete knowledge of English philology."

SWAN, BREWER, & TILESTON,
131 Washington-Street, Boston.

TO INVENTORS. THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "PRACTICAL MECHANIC" invite the attention of Inventors to their facilities for procuring Patents in the United States and all foreign countries, and to their arrangements for the transaction of all business of every nature in any way relating to Patents.

They prepare applications for the Patent Office, furnishing all the necessary papers, together with the drawings required, and, if desired by the applicant, the models also. They will give to their cases their personal attention before the Department at Washington, and will spare no efforts which long experience in this class of business can suggest, to secure the amplest protection to the rights of their clients. Parties who intrust applications to their charge may rely upon receiving prompt attention and faithful services—care being taken, especially, not only that Patents shall, if possible, be obtained, but that, when obtained, they shall cover something of *substantial* value.

They have located at Washington a careful and experienced Agent, and one of their number is at the Patent Office at short intervals, so that Inventors can be saved the journey to Washington, and by applying to this office will find their business attended to as promptly and faithfully as if they were present.

The fees charged in all such cases will be moderate.

The litigation of Patents in the Courts, Infringements Injunctions, etc., will recieve special care.

We are prepared to take charge of contested cases of every description.

Particular attention paid to Rejected Applications, Applications for Additional Improvements, Re-issues, Interferences, and Extensions of Patents.

Advice as to the patentability of Inventions cheerfully given.

Examinations made at the Patent Office under our own supervision; and all business relating to Patents transacted promptly and skilfully.

Models and Drawings carefully prepared.

Terms moderate.

Address, BENJAMIN GARVEY & CO.
NEW YORK CITY.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK LINES.

1860. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. 1860.

NEW YORK LINES.

The Camden and Amboy and Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company's Lines from Philadelphia to New York and Way Places, from WALNUT STREET WHARF will leave as follows, viz:

	FARE.
At 6 A. M., via Camden and Amboy, C. & A. Accommodation	$2 25
At 6 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City, N. J. Accommodation	2 25
At 9 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City, Morning Mail	3 00
At 11 A. M., by Steamboat, via Tacony and Jersey City, Western Express	3 00
At 12 1-2 P. M., via Camden and Amboy Accommodation	2 25
At 2 P. M., via Camden and Amboy C. & A. Express	3 00
At 4 P. M., by Steamboat via Tacony and Jersey City, Evening Express	3 00
At 4 P. M., by Steamboat via Tacony and Jersey City, 2d Class Ticket	2 25
At 6 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City, Evening Mail	3 00
At 11 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City, Southern Mail	2 25
At 5 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation—Freight and Passenger, 1st Class Ticket,	2 25
2d Class Ticket	1 50

The 6 P. M. Mail Line runs daily. The 11 P. M. Southern Mail, Saturdays excepted.

THROUGH LINES FROM NEW YORK.

LEAVE PIER NO. 1 NORTH RIVER.

At 6 A. M., via Amboy and Camden, C. & A. Ac.	$2 25
At 2 P. M., via Amboy and Camden, C. & A. Ex.	3 00
At 1 P. M., via Amboy and Camden, Ac., 1st class	2 25
do. do. do. do,	1 75
At 5 P. M., via Amboy and Camden, Ac., 1st class	2 50
do. do. do. do. 2d class	1 75

LEAVE FROM FOOT OF COURTLAND STREET.

At 7 A. M., via Jersey City & Camden, W. & S. Ex.	3 00
At 9 A. M., via Jersey City & Camden, Mail.	3 00
At 11 A. M., via Jersey City & Tacony, Express	3 00
At 11 A. M., via Jersey City & Tacony, 2d class	2 25
At 12 M., via Jersey City and Camden, N. J. Ac.	2 25
At 4 P. M., via Jersey City & Tacony, Express	3 00
At 6 P. M., via Jersey City & Camden, Mail,	3 00

The 6 P. M. Mail Line runs daily, all others Sundays excepted.

Fifty pounds of baggage only, allowed each Passenger. Passengers are prohibited from taking anything as baggage but their wearing apparel. All baggage over fifty pounds to be paid for extra. The Company limit their responsibility for baggage to One Dollar per pound, and will not be liable for any amount beyond $100, except by special contract.

From the New York Daily Times.

The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS,

THE BEST LITERARY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY,

IS PUBLISHED AT

No. 9 Spruce Street, New-York.

PRICE:

$3 00 a year; 5 Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Ten Cents a line for the first two insertions; Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

NO PUFFING.

Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrangements whatever can be made with them for editorial notices.

N. B.—All communications should be addressed to

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORTH RIVER.

NIAGARA accessible from New York as Philadelphia papers suggest, by way of their city. Very true and cannot be denied that in going over Cat and Whistle railroad, traveller sees quintessentially stupendid scenery and is occasionally startled by grand effects—sometimes he can shake hands with man in the next car behind, turns in the road so short. But unless you're in particular, deathly, gasping mortal hurry to get there on the sharp-angle principle, you may as well do as your ancestors did before you and travel calmly up the North River.

You had better believe it SOPHRONIUS my boy, when I tell you that it's all gammon d'ye observe, and humbug you know, and bosh d'ye see to call the Hudson the American Rhine. I ripuderate with all the energy of a Mississippi financier the contemptible three cent drink of a tallow lighted comparison which dares to give the great river of the great HENDRIK any such rococontemptible name as the American Rhine! American Rhine, indeed?—say American Rhinosceros of the most untameable and invincible character and I'll see you—but never, while the Kattskills shoot the moon to the tune of three-thousand feet and seven inches—never while the Tappaan Zee fizzles up fiery curlicues of reflected moonlight in its dancing summer-night waters, will I patiently endure such language. The German Hudson as much as you please gentlemen! but remember the old rule—the greater cannot be contained in the smaller.

Like to have you show me the Palisades on the Rhine—well I would. Have done the old Rhine, a foot, knapsacked—all way from Low Dutch cherry beer, and giant ancled *vroutjes*, up to Bodensee and pretty Swissesses—but never saw anything like Palisades. Up they go—big columns—look like twenty miles of solid Gothic ruined castles in those nightmare things of DORÉ's where thousands of towers crowd together as if it cost nothing to build, but just to wish it—and it is done. SPARROWGRASS says Palisades rest on beds of gems—all sorts of precious stones down at their base—glad of it—glorious old-fellows deserve such bed to rest on. Sail up past 'em—people say that Sing-sing so called by old Dutch trader who had been in China from city of Tsing-Tsing—don't believe it—think it more likely got name from some grand old Dutch carousal where the Skipper and his merrie men all drank great store of Hollands like glorious old MORTON of Merrie Mount, (that gleam of light in a long dark night) and sang the old *liederen* of the Low Countrie! By Jove Sir, I believe it—'twas two-hundred years ago, yet somehow the memory of that old carouse runs through my mind—I remember it all—thy trunk hose, oh DIRK BOOMPJES my lad—and thy Spanish hat, oh CLAAS PIETERZOON and the dusky Indians who stood around marvelling to hear the merry staves of the white men.

Now ride my love by heath and thorn,
By greening grass and blooming corn,
Santio.
And bring the bird which never flew,
And pluck the rose which never grew,
Sing, *veler kneder cantico*
Enkandelava isio!
Sing! Sing!

He brought a rose-tree painted fair,
Dame Nightingale was singing there,
Santio.
I've caught the bird which never flew,
And brought a rose which never grew,
Sing *veder kneder cantico,*
Enkandelava isio!
Sing! Sing!

Therefore was the place called Sing Sing—and the chorus of the song proves it—even unto this day!

Would like to stop for a few stickfulls of type in the Donderbarrak where the wind roars lustily of wild nights, and Dutch devils, and jolly witches go darting and swimming along by moonlight over the glittering Hudson, playing with the million dancing fire-drakes and wavering serpents which are ever shimmering, being born and dying in the star-rays on the water. Here on the great river at clear midnight I *believe*. *Credo*, I believe, in the olden time and the headlong goblin hunt which pours after sunset down between the rocky flanks of the Dunderberg, skimming along over Anthony's Nose, led by the ripping, tearing, blaring, trumpeting old red-beaked ANTHONY VAN CORLEAR himself—now in the spirit world the jolliest of Dutch demons and the very devil among the pretty Yankee witches. All this oh brethren do I—looking down on the lordly midnight Hudson most solemnly believe—*credo!*

There are many pleasant ghost haunted spots along the river. Tarrytown is full of enchantments as we all know, and there is a certain magic about FRED. COZZENS' cottage at Yonkers and at KNICKERBOCKER CLARK'S over the river at Piermont. If there wasn't, oh Domine Reader, why would my mind always be turning there at odd moments, yearning for a sight at the books and glad faces within and at the plus quam-magnificent river without, sweeping far, far below in morning-red or evening-gray, ever a-wending on its way.

Believe me reader—thou whose eye may rest upon these lines, far in palmettoed Florida or amid sunny isles in the Indian sea; thou who porest lazily over them on deck, rocked by Atlantic steamer, or in Mediterranean smuggler, or who seest them perhaps in cragged Switzerland—hither or thither—cross-and-queer through the many rivered sun-tipped-mountained world—that even so far as thou now art from me, so far have hearts turned towards those cottages; yearned to see the dwellers-within, longed for the soul-comforting scenery of the rich wild Hudson. Were you ever, *bon compagnon* or *belle amie* in the red sunlight-shadows, among the merry cries and laughter of a Rhenish vintage? New wine foams like beer—songs roll down the mountain-side, echoing, quavering at every terrace so that the ballad comes down bumpity-bump like an india-rubber ball down stairs. It is all gay—but the Hudson round the Tappaan Zee is to me all this, always—one perennial Rhenish vintage. The wine-time is to me there all the year round—the sunsets of every season are oceans of ærial Tokaïer and Burgundy—broad rivers of amber Chablis—lakes of every wine divine—"*che fiameggia nel Sansovino*"—which flames afar in Sansovine. There in that fair land the sunset Queen of Faery has one of her few circles on earth—just as Venus is believed to have a few gates to the realm of heathen beauty left, such as the Thuringian mountain and the ruined temples of Rome. WASHINGTON IRVING was first to find this out—discovered Sleepy Hollow—or first enchanted it. God bless him! When I followed him to the grave it was among gentle sorrows, tender memories, all beautiful and touching thoughts and dreams flowed softly into the heart—the fays of the valley, the sylphs of the enchanted air of Sleepy Hollow flitted among the branches—and the whole was magic and beauty, and before our eyes lay the dead enchanter, who was then alive in every charm of the wide, glorious scene. As I went home there was such a sunset as I never saw before. I saw in liquid depths of rosy light, islands and strand and surf and views of sea and land—it was the Apocalypse of Fairy Land opening to receive the soul of its dearest master here on earth. *Credo.*

West Point—American Gibraltar—Fort Putnam—598 feet above river level—KOSCIUSKO—Old Crow's Nest—Cadets—Break-neck—ARNOLD—morning-parade—BENNY HAVENS O!—ANDRE—grand views for drop curtains—COZZEN'S—when you get there unpack trunk, come out fresh, forget world and sorrows, look out new holes and corners to pack day dreams in—place to live up to—to ramble all around in—give your heart to it reader—'twill come up again many

a time in ter years, on the white towered peaks of the olscian mountai or in shady groves of the Pyrenees.

Turne ut RANDOLPH and I, ready for breeze—found a rst-rate one, got to order. Walked hall—found acquaintance always do—PETER PENDLETOP—good natured gentlemanly fellow, with an immense ight discoverable in him in the long run; wh h does not appe at first shot. PENDLETOP rather blondy haire rather plumpy, ry smily, very calmy and considerably cool . Has great id f fun in most peculiar style. Loves to get ame g very well bre miable people who don't know him very well. romises 'em a d story—a *very* good story mind you—somethi PETER almost l hed himself to death on the other day. All his premised P a tells them some venerable old affair which he's morally certain y man present has heard in the circus and rea in the almanac —and then bursts into a peal of gay cordial laughte Of course company out of common politeness gave to get up a ced laugh—and PETER enjoys himself in observi which of 'em d t the most naturally. PETER also great in setting punraps. ll make up a very obvious pun—say 'tater and mmentator—a selecting a victim talk all round him. First mes a

HOW THEY NAMED SING SING.

remark potatoes—then something about commenting—this and tha until Victim catches at it and is astonished at PETER'S roar of l ghter. Sometimes Mr. PENDLETOP makes bets as to how near a c ain written-out form of the pun he will *draw* his prey. Then ag he will make a very startling joke—an astonishing play on words hi own conversation and then roar and declare he didn't know it twas all Victim's own discovery. But this last is dangerous for s metimes the *point* isn't seen—in which case PETER saves it up for fu ure use.

"Why how do you do," said PETER with his jolly twinkling s ile—a if he hadn't quite got over a late laugh, and needed a little m spreading on it before he could be quite salubrificated. "Fine p e West Point—fine sun-set—"

I looke him calmly in the eyes—"PENDLETOP!" said I—"say it yourself—I shant do it."

"I'll it," said RANDOLPH—"I want to see PETE laugh at learing ple make his own jokes for him. I don't car', We're Pointer d the Sun's a *setter*. That's it. Rip SAM—set her up again, R!"

But l LETOP had a reward in a glass-bell-ringing laugh which p aled mysteriously close by. Turned and saw Miss VIOLET PERB WANSDOWN—as welcome a sight was she As ever a friend f om th omeland was To a man in a far countrie.

You' ant the general ideas of tallness, litheness, not a little graceful le, whiteness, delicacy, well toned dress and the usual flowing tlines of the truly lady-ly young lady, to form an æsthetic concepth of VIOLET'S appearance. Thereunto my dear fellow, (thou wl lovest being treated to Parian tinted dreams of muslin filled w blanche temptation) add dainty reserve when it is needed, genial good-nature and jovial fun when it isn't—the kindest of young hearts, the affectionatest of souls—drollery entwined with delicacy—*vla!*—that's her mentallectual organization. ace —aquiline, delicate, pleasant, wondering, roguish, innocent or ny —eyes often arching downward, and closing with laughter while the mouth consimultaneously arches upward and opens. That is our VIOLET—one who loveth all merry and seemly jests—one who punneth like a Philadelphian and listens joyously thereunto when jests be dropping around.

"And where have you been Fair INEZ since you journeyed to the West?"

"Where?—Oh I've been paying my *cadebts*—giving a smile for a compliment—in this style!"

And with arch and infinite drollery *la belle* SUPERBIA gave us a *trifolium* of graces—an irresistible courtesy of immense extent, a fine fierce Spanish *roulade* on the fan and a darting, killing thrilling smile-glance—ah! by the ghosts of all the Marchionesses of the last century Lvow the combination was as funny as it was fascinating! And there was a delicious pride—a dainty *hauteur* sweeping like an ostrich plume over it all—ah she is a very watch-spring this VIOLET of ours—bending at the lightest touch yet able to cut through steel hearts! And the burlesque courtesy and all the flowing outlines and lance smile said:

"'Twas thus I did the a. For you veteran cosmopolites I have other arrows in my quiver."

You needn't tell me it isn't so—I know that some ladies were birds once. I never knew anybody that looked exactly like PAUL till I saw the fierce eyes of the great eagle in the *Jardin des Plantes*—I swear it was the highest blooded glance I ever saw in my life. And there's "JEANNE" as she writes herself under the new gospel of French names—I always call her JENNY—well madame if JENNY wasn't a fat little bantam hen in her last life, then I'm no judge of transmigration—that's all! The BUNGOS were mean little turkey buzzards (I suppose there's a small variety of that winged insect) and CATALPA a royal Argus pheasant. I myself Madame am an owl among owls—not exactly a barn mouser you know—but rather of the cosmopolite bully old travelling owls such as I have seen flying calmly by sunlight, off the Azores five hundred miles from land—jolly old owls who used to come and sit awhile in the rigging close to the sailors and watch 'm at work, as sociable as you like—there was a Finn on board, Madame, and the elder mate always eyed him askant head-shakingly, and told me once that the owls never "lit" except when BJORNSON was aloft and that he had been heard to *talk* to the creatures in his damned lingo and that after this the owls always flew away due North, after which there came a devil of a wind. That's my style of owl. But I have raked the ornithology in vain to find what sort of a bird SUPERBIA had been—the young lady of great pride overlaid with much courtesy and merriment—a something between a swan, a dove, and a delicate aristocratic falcon—such as CHRIMHILDA dreamed of in the Nibelung. And she was a bird—her shawl spread like fine fluttering wings and her head and neck were bird like, and the whole creature was plumy and feathery.

Bless my soul!—this is making *very* slow time up the North River! Only a few lines left me and I havn't got past West Point when I ought to have been half frozen after dark, and a long ride up to the Mountain House "half an hour ago." My dear fellows and dear girls of readers and all you other dear jolly dwellers in VANITY FAIR, have patience with the vagary-ated meanderings of your guide in this Pilgrim's Progress through the Arbors and Enchanted Grounds, Fiddler's Greens and Sinful Paradises of our great American Brandy and Watering Places. "All that cometh is Vanity."

Paying them in their own Coin.

VANITY FAIR doesn't see why Mr. LEWIS CHATFIELD should make such a fuss about the paying of the LELAND'S bill for boarding the Japanese, though it does happen to be $91,000. Nothing can be easier or more economical than the settlement of their demands. There is a broker in Wall street, for instance, named THOMPSON, who has in his possession a large amount of money of just the right sort to pay off the LELANDS with. The reader will adopt our view of the case when we tell him that the money is mostly in bills on the *Valley Bank* of Maryland.

Coming to Grief.

Lord RENFREW has laid aside his title, but we are much mistaken if in the hands of the Aldermen he do not again become Prince of Wails.

A Sign of the Times.

When a quarto sheet is sold for a penny, the end of the World cannot be far off.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HAT.

Julia.—"WHERE, FRED, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RIDICULOUS HAT?"

Fred.—"MY DEAR, THIS IS THE PRINCE OF WALES' HAT. WILL BE ALL THE GO IN A DAY OR TWO. ONLY ANTICIPATING THE FASHION, D'YE OBSERVE!"

Julia (submissively)—"AH—NOW I LOOK AT IT, IT'S VERY BECOMING.

"FANCY DYING."

A door-plate, bearing upon its silvered front the name THOMPSON, was the bane of VAN DYSEN's existence. Terribly disturbed was the placid nature of VAN DYSEN at sight of that plate and that name. To its deepest depths his soul was stirred. A mysterious power swayed him—a power unseen, silent, awful.

"Fancy Dying!" Two dissyllabic words; potent, presaging, portentious, walking or riding through any street of the city, or groping amid out-of-the-way lanes and alleys, these words loom up before me with a strange and ghastly stare. In letters square and longitudinal, in letters narrow and broad, in letters plain and fantastic—the crochetty attitudes of Americanized Japanese letters just now so frequently assumed—in letters pigmy and collossal, in letters of all the prismatic and anti-prismatic colors they show themselves. Over doors and on door-lintels, on dust-covered curtains, and mildewed awnings, on fronts and sides and rears of buildings, high up and low down, on signs straight and circular and angular they are to be seen. They are everywhere.

"Fancy Dying—it is only a business sign."

We know it.

"Places where soiled silks, faded velvets and jaded satins are newly colored, and marks of grease and time and wear removed."

We know it.

"A resurrection-school for entombed female fabrics, where the mortality of female robes puts on immortality, and enters on a glorious existence of renewed whirlings through the mazes of the waltz, or rustlings in the bright moonlight of a summer's night."

We know it all. The Juggernaut car, we know is only a car, but under its ponderous wheels are thrown and crushed infants. As earnestly as we should protest against the introduction here of the infanticidal vehicle of ancient India, do we protest against these signs—"Fancy Dying." In the name of Philanthrophy, Morality, Religion, Politics, Domesticity, Progress, Science, Invention, Art—everything dear and sacred to humanity, we protest against them.

Follow, as in his carriage down Broadway or the Bowery, there rides a man of apopletic tendencies, whose nerves have been shattered by overwork, in the eager strife for wealth and power. Putting his head to the windows to see if he has arrived at his stopping place, quickly his eye catches, across the way, the sign "Fancy Dying." It is the sounding of his death-knell, the reading of his death-warrant, the cutting of the rope by the executioner. A fearful dread suddenly possesses him; the blood darts to his temples; huge drops of perspiration cover his brow; his dissolution is at hand; he feels it, knows it, and sinks back helpless into his cushioned seat, where he is found—dead. That sign set busy fancy in motion—the same fancy, working on the fears, that induced a premature yielding of breath by criminals at the hospital at Montpellier in France, who were made to believe, by the pouring of warm water upon the bottoms of their feet, that their life-blood was oozing from their opened veins. Who will not protest against running such a sad risk, as the knocking of every sign of life out of the bodies of our large dealers in stock and church-pews, faro banks and city railroads, by the wooden signs of vulgar workers in cochineal, indigo, ochre, and all the varieties of petty pigments?

"Fancy Dying." An Inventor sees the sign and ceases belaboring his brain to find ideas for lessening work by human hands. The Painter abandons easel and dancing fairies, satyrs, groves and goddesses. The Philosopher is no longer philosophical. The Author leaves mice and moths to feast on his manuscript, a feast of bodies instead of the feast of souls intended. Poet gives up the Little style of poetry, and consumes the "come thou disconsolate" style. An intensely melancholy, mummy-like look is put on by everybody, and coffins, and bones and the fact that art is long and life-fleeting, are the only things thought of. Mammoth enterprises are abandoned, and the world generally set down as no great shakes.

Fancy Dying. While these signs frighten the nervous out of existence, and the timid into supineness, they make more corrupt, eager and grasping, the politician, the irreligious man more irreligious, and him of immoral proclivities, a sharper pursuer of other men's wives, and corporate property generally. To make the most they can, and in the quickest time they can, becomes their motto. As life goes, they wish to go it.

As Fancy means game-y, the signs Fancy Dying are pleasantly suggestive to some, of plucky contests with that grim, bony looking personage, always bearing a huge scythe in his dexter hand. Enjoyment is a good thing, and so is pluck. In this case, the fancy, being few in number, should yield their enjoyment to the interests of the majority.

Finally, though not having pursued the subject through half its sequences—we again protest against the signs "Fancy Dying" which painfully suggest to everybody, whose unhappy optics happen to catch in a glimpse any of these thoughts of speedy dissolution. It is a subject for the city authorities and the health bureaus to promptly exploit.

What may be Done.

Our Desperate Contributor never despairs. He will always "make something out of it or die." Lately, after reading from the *Herald* of the death of one CADY, he was challenged to find a point in the fact, and within three seconds found the following:

EPITAPH ON ONE CADY.

The subtile chemist, Death
A change has wrought to-day;
For what was late K. D.
Is now, alas, D. K.

The Three Ages of a Senator.

Mile-age, Post-age, and Patron-age.

The best Fare for Dyspeptics.

VANITY FAIR.

SUMMER SOLITUDE.

YOUNG HYDESCAMP—WHO IS OBLIGED TO REMAIN IN TOWN—PERFORMS HIS GREAT FEAT OF PERAMBULATING FIFTH AVENUE IN HIS SHIRTSLEEVES AND SISTER'S BONNET. THERE IS NOBODY TO CARE WHETHER HE DOES OR NOT—NOT EVEN A POLICEMAN.

HOW THE BELLES RING IT IN.

FATHERLY V. F.—After carefully perusing every number of your paper as it has come from the press, I have pictured you in my mind as as an elderly gentleman with a kind heart, and an elaborately developed abdominal convexity, one who, with the wisdom and experience of age, unites the elasticity and vivacity of youth. In point of fact one whose joints are rendered pliable by the lubricating exudation of a jolly fatness, and the cockles of whose heart are kept in a constant state of gentle semi-incandesence, partly owing to the thermometer standing 86 in the shade, (more fool he for standing it) partly through the beneficial effects of Mrs. LIQUOR'S soothing syrup; and the rest, as the old Spanish coin used to say, "per Dei gratia."

Having thus pictured you to my imagination, is it a fact to be wondered at, that I, who am in difficulties, should throw myself upon your kindness, claim your genial sympathy; and expect to receive from you that advice which your mature judgement and enlarged experience, render you capable of giving, and which I so much need?

To give you an idea of my present position, let me in my statement, go back two years. In the spring of 1858 I was known, and could well have been described as a single gentleman of about 30 years, with a permanent situation, which gave me the moderate salary of $1,500 per annum; in person small, 5 feet 3 inches, and 19 twnetieths of an inch. Complexion, saturnine, forehead high, round, and somewhat bulging, eyes small, dark, and bright; nose long, broad and brown, cheeks hollow, no whiskers, ears small, mouth ditto; chin round, full, and with a dimple, (I am rather proud of my chin, *so was my mother's*). Neckcloth white, clothing black, boots patent leather, nosekerchief white and perfumed; plan of residence, boarding-house, No. — West 22d street, religious standing, member of "Young Men's Christian Association." That's me, Mr. V. F. photographed to a wrinkle—what the young ladies might call a good, respectable person, and quite an eligible *parti*.

At any rate so thought my landlady Mrs. J., and the sentiment was re-echoed by her eldest daughter, Miss JULIA J., a young lady tall, spare, 33 years of age, with crisp hair, and the most obliging soothing, and consoling manners in the world.

Why my dear sir, she would pour out a second cup of Mocha, (*berry Mocha*; horrid pun, couldn't help it) as though she were saying, "you know I have just lost my nearest and dearest friend; and I dislocated my shoulder last evening—but don't, dear friend of my affinity, don't let that interfere with your second cup"—and I am free to confess that it never did. But I must and will try not to get excited.

Suffice it to say, I was *obliged* in this way, in that way, in the other way, in every way, and all the way round. I was *obliged* morning, noon and night. In fact my obligations stuck to me so pertinaciously, that Mr. DANIEL RICE, his donkey, could not have thrown them off. I tried to do it with opera tickets, no go; expensive fans, 'twouldn't do; bracelets, worse than before; hunters watch, silk stockings, workbox, and prayer-book; worse and worse and more of it. That night I had a private dish of muffins, and my bed warmed; flesh and blood could go no further.

I assert it calmly and deliberately, no man, (no little pious man I mean) could any longer stand it, I proposed! and d— no, hang me if she didn't accept me in the most *obliging* manner possible, not that she cared anything about being married. Oh no, not at all—by no manner of means—but doubtless it would be conducive to my happiness. She married me!!

That did the business. It six weeks time we were at house-keeping—two weeks after that, the house being completely furnished, I ceased to be obliged—and oh *misericorda!* oh *horrible!* I *sibi—I, myself, had to become obliging!!* Pardon me, my feelings are one too many for me. I have tried to be composed, it is impossible. The past overpowers me. I must recuperate, more next week, till then adieu.

Yours,

PRIMITIVE SMITHERS.

THE BEST WAY TO SERVE HIM.

We read in the *Herald*, that recently a visitor on board the Great Eastern "unceremoniously entered the room of one of the officers. Supposing it to be a mistake, the latter courteously remarked that it was a private apartment and not intended for exhibition. The fellow, who was meanwhile fumbling at some account book on the table, savagely replied, he 'didn't care a G—d d—d what it was for; he had paid his money, and was bound to see all there was to be seen.' Being then ordered to leave the cabin, he seized a large glass frame, containing one of the printed regulations of the ship, and with all his force threw it at the officer, and backed out. Fortunately it did not strike its mark, and more fortunately for the ruffian, the gentleman had the forbearance not to shoot him on the spot, as he had the means of doing."

As this brute is still at large—since the English officer did not, for some unaccountable reason, desire his arrest—we wish he would either call at our office or send us word where he may be found; Our Fighting Editor is dying for a chance to "polish him off," and goes about the office "putting up his hands" in a vague manner, and talking to himself of "sloggers," "potato-traps," "conks," and things of that description. It is but fair to state in this connection, that Our Fighting Editor has become quite disconsolate of late in consequence of HEENAN'S absence from the city, since it deprives him of the satisfaction he was wont to have of knocking the Champion down, two or three times in the course of the daily sparring lesson he took with him.

THE HAUL OF THE NET.

My wife and lubberly son, I see,
Will get no dinner to-day from me,
Unless the Virgin should fill my net;
I have n't the ghost of a haul as yet.

I've swept the sand as clean as my hand,
But never a fish has come to land;
I've waded in till my waist is wet,
And my brown arms ache with pulling the net!

Fish, are *you* fishing for wives and sons?
O have you gone to the Devil at once?
Come back, just one, if ever so small;
Devil, good Devil, send me a haul!

I've got it at last; 'tis heavy as lead;
It nears the surface—'tis something dead!
What is it? my lubberly son, that's all:
I'm thinking his mother wont like the haul!

A grave reader, who writes from Greenwood, wishes to know if the Elizabethian head on the cover of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is that of WINTHROP or BACON. In our opinion it is neither, but that of a would be contributor, whose articles have been rejected. We cannot otherwise see why he should be so ruffled!

MERIAM'S ADDRESS TO THE GREAT METEOR.

GREAT spark that from the anvil of the skies
Flew in the dazzled face of Friday night,
Until the very planets winked their eyes,
And even the ruby Mars grew pale with fright—
I, a philosopher, serene and cold,
Holding sweet converse with each silent star,
From my tall tower on Brooklyn Heights, make bold
To ask you mildly what the deuce you are?

Though you're a roarer, I am sure you're not
The least auroral, for a year ago
A silken shred of Northern Light I got,
And somewhat wisely bottled it for show;
To that old theory of red hot stone
Flung off from planets, I cant say *conziteor*,
But I've a slight opinion, which I own
Is that you're nothing but a great gas meteor.

What brought you? Are you on a summer tour
In search of some celestial Saratoga,
To cool that visage red as a Pandour,
And terrible to look on as an Ogre?
Or do you, as in days of old, portend
A foreign war, or home-brewed insurrection?
Say, is our planet coming to an end?
Or are you interested in the election?

Whate'er your mission, you have to the Press
A blessing been, in paragraph and column;
Reporters served you in all sorts of dress
And grew quite astronomical and solemn.
Nay! the calm Everett, even now I know
Is neatly trimming you for illustration,
So that he—when you're quite prepared for show—
May ventilate you in his next oration.

O WICKED, WICKED WORLD!

Lord, how this World is given to lying!
(*Henry IV, Act V, Scene IV.*)

In a late number of the *World* its readers were called on "to acknowledge the corn" in a very long-eared manner. The subject of the discourse was "The Sound of Growing Corn" to be heard in Sciota Valley, first bottom land, second month of summer. After premising that many of its readers had heard the remark, "our corn grows so fast that you can hear it," it went on to assert that this was true; that any moonlight night in July or August, after a good shower, if one would go out in a Sciota Valley cornfield you could hear it waking up, "and as the main stalk stretches and swells in its new strength up through the contracted lips of the upper blades, they crack and burst around you *like the stifled reports of ten thousand rifles!*" If that is not sharp shooting, what is? It then added: "That cornfield will be some inches higher at sunrise the next morning than at the last sundown." We should think, if it went off like ten thousand rifles, it would shoot up, naturally; still we cannot conscientiously give ear to these "stifled reports" of an Inkermann in every cornfield, and feel it a duty due to society to put it on its guard against such fables of agricultural-artillery. We are perfectly aware that many a man has been "shot in the neck" with corn, but still hardly think it was from the ten thousand rifles whose stifled reports were reported for the *World*.

Seriously, as everything from that journal should be treated, how would it do to organize a few regiments of "Cornfield Rifles?"

Then ears to the front all
And with arms horizontal,
Stood the corn;
While the leaves whistled deadly
And the kernels wait d readily
In a horn!
Showers light,
Moon shone bright
Bud and blossom were a bursting
With big drinks, after thirsting
Many a day:
When rattle, bang, whang!
Ten thousand rifles rang—
Corn-field rifles—
Hooray!

ALARMING REDUCTION.

The terrible state of decay and decadence into which society is falling, in this country, may well cause a panic in our higher circles. Let the young men of BROWN'S tutelage, and the FLORA MCFLIMSEYS, of Madison Square tremble alike in their patent leather and prunella. There is a strong possibility that both may be reduced at any moment, to the athletic though undignified exercise of wielding the mattock and the spade, the wash-board and the broom.

The picture thus presented to the imagination is a sorry one. Fancy ASTOR CORTLANDT, one of the F. F. N. Y., engaged as a coachman. Fancy the ignoble curry-comb and sponge in those delicate hands that have led LAURA MATILDA through the mazy figures of the German and the Lanciers—that have handed her the perfumed handkerchief of filmy Honiton, and the dainty ice-cream, sweet as her smile and cold as her disdain!

Or, fancy LAURA MATILDA herself, standing in humbled beauty before the wash-tub, with vulgar calico sleeves rolled high above the delicate dimpled elbows of her snowy arms. Or lifting huge greasy cauldrons from the reeking range, amid the onion-scented steam-clouds of a parvenu kitchen! Fancy her disporting her fairy figure in disordered bedrooms, waving the cleanly broom, and stooping to the humble dust-pan! Facilis descensus Averni!

Yet such things must be. Only the other day, on glancing over the advertisements of the *Herald*, we found this dreadful evidence of the revolution which has begun. Where will it stop?

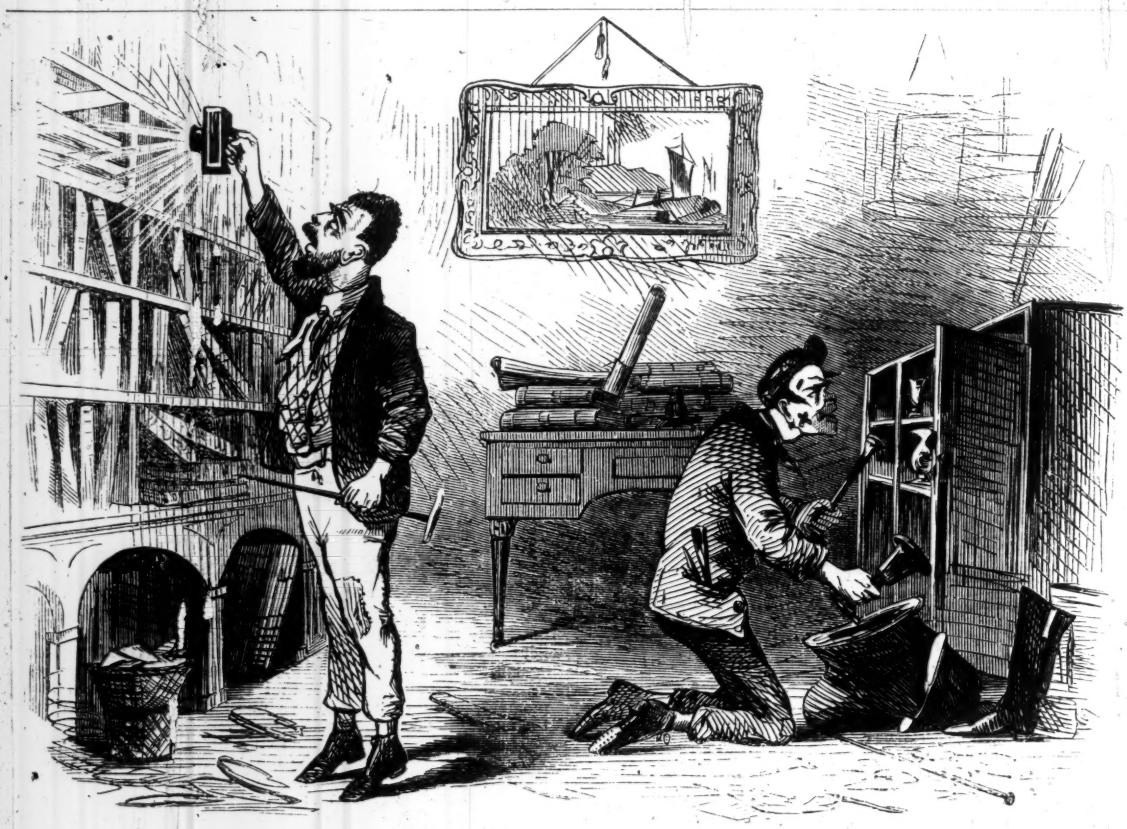
"TWO YOUNG LADIES WISH SITUATIONS—ONE AS PLAIN COOK, WASHER and ironer, the other as chambermaid and waitress. City reference if required. Both wish to be in one family if possible, as they have always lived together. Apply at —— St., in the rear, third floor. Can be seen for two days."

How hard is the fate that compels Two Young Ladies to take up their abode in the obscurity of a third floor back, in an unknown and inelegant street, even "for two days!" What good Samaritan will come to the aid of these humiliated belles, and give them some more refined occupation than plain cooking, washing, ironing, chamberwork, sewing, and waiting? Separate them not, O, stern employers, for they have been reared in the lap of luxury together—have drank of the champagne of life from the same flagon, and laid their slender forms side by side upon the Sybaritic rose-leaves! VANITY FAIR, albeit a laugher by custom, hath tears and sympathies which can be made to gush at short notice. To you, fair dames of fallen estate, we tender those tears and sympathies. Two Young Ladies, we commiserate your sudden deflection from Arabia Felix, to Arabian Petrea. May the generally relentless washboard spare your graceful knuckles, and may the breakfast-plates refrain from scorching your rose-tipped fingers!

In the meantime, it behooves all other Young Ladies to prepare themselves for a similar fate, and to become inured to the unclean trencher, the hissing suds, the slow, rude flat-iron, and the ubiquitous dust-rag.

The Favorite Beverage of Laplanders.

Cold Snapps.



LITERATURE AND CROWBARS.

BURGLAR.—*"Well, here's a sweet state of littery things in New-York. This is the fourth libery I've busted into to-night and aint found nary Jack Sheppard yet!*

[PERSONAL.]

VANITY FAIR Office, }
July 31st, 1860. }

Vanity Fair presents his compliments to the Man Who Sat Next Him In The Omnibus yesterday afternoon, and begs to inform him that neither his, VANITY FAIR'S, knees, nor those of his fellow-passengers were intended by Nature, or any other person, for hand-rails. Perhaps it did not occur to the Man Who Sat Next VANITY FAIR In the Omnibus, that the wooden bars affixed to the roof of the vehicle, are intended to assist passengers in their getting in and out; if so, VANITY FAIR now begs to call his especial attention to the fact in the hope that he will never again make a clown of himself, by pawing ladies and gentlemen on his way to and from the door. If the M. W. S. N. V. F. I. T. O. had not persisted in sitting sidewise the whole time, thus crowding VANITY FAIR'S graceful rotundity into half the space it was entitled to, Mrs. VANITY FAIR would have had to listen to no complaints about the dinner that day. If the M. W. S. N. V. F. I. T. O. will bear these hints in mind and act upon them occasionally, VANITY FAIR, *i. e.* all the world, will be very much obliged to him.

To The Man Who Sat Next VANITY FAIR *In The Omnibus.*

The Test of "Time."

Protest.

Imperial Game.

We clip the following significant paragraph from late European items:

"It is said that the Emperor of the French authorised the formation of a National Rifle Association, like that in England. The person under whose direction it will be placed is Mr. JULES GERARD, the famous lion-killer."

And what can LOUIS NAPOLEON want with a corps of lion-killers? There are no lions in France, except, indeed, those on view in the *salons* and the Jardin des Plantes; and it is hardly probably that L. N. meditates a descent upon Africa, with the view of putting JULES' vaunted performance to the test. Can it be that in thus securing the services of the renowned Leocide, L. N. is about letting the cat out of the bag, at last, and that Puss will turn out to be the British Lion?

Was that All?

One of the *Herald* reporters who went to see Ex-Governor WISE at his Virginian Home, a week or two ago, gives the following inventory of that gentleman's vesture:

"His *whole* dress consisted of a Panama hat, and that by no means new; a plain white linen coat, white "Russian duck" pantaloons, folded up at the bottom, and a pair of shoes in perfect keeping with the other portions of the dress."

Can it be that Ex-Governors don't wear shirts down in Virginia? Furthermore, are they devoid of stockings? Tell us, somebody!

Motto for the Heenan Dinner.

None but the brave deserve the *fare*.

The Quaker Doctrine.

Thee-ory.

FOOT-BALL IN EUROPE.

JOHN BULL.—"Now, Garibaldi, my boy, you've got your foot-ball, suppose you draw this boot on, and let us see how you can keep the ball going.

PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

By our Bibliographical Editor.

N imposing volume with the above heading has just been laid before us. It's author's name is Wynne, James Wynne, M.D. Dr. Wynne, we learn from his preface, is a native of Maryland, which was anything but a merry land to him, while he resided there, as its inhabitants were very healthy, so he removed to New York, and located himself on Murray Hill, a beautiful suburban residence in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue, a part of the estate of the late Lindley Murray, one of our earliest historians. Having more time than patients on his hands, Dr. Wynne hit upon the original idea of visiting our private libraries, intending of course to get into our good books! The result of his various visits, which we trust were not charged, were published by our grave cotemporary, *The Evening Post*, and attracted the attention of Biblio, and other maniacs, throughout the country.

We shall not follow Dr. Wynne in his wanderings through the private libraries of New York, but content ourselves with pointing out some of the omissions of which he has been guilty—an unthankful task, certainly, but one which we feel it our duty to perform. To begin at the beginning. Among the great authors not mentioned by Dr. W., in the library of Dr. Williams, the divine, is an ancestor of the reverend gentleman's—"The Divine Williams." The works of this celebrated man, (a theologian, we believe, of the School of Calvin,) which were profanely done into English, a little more than two centuries ago, have recently been translated, or as the French say *traduced* into French again. The latest and best of these versions is in the library of Dr. Williams. It is *not* by a young Hugo, as some have ignorantly reported, but by a young Hugonot, a son of the celebrated Juriconsult, Hugo Grotius, whose intense admiration of Napoleon the Third, is the cause of his present banishment to New Jersey!

Among the rarities not mentioned by Dr. Wynne in Burton's library, are the 1st edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, (London, 1621) with the scarce portrait of the author as Toodles: Cuttle on Mollusks: and the last edition (Bell's annotated) of Cuttle's favorite poet, Waller. (See Dombey and Son.)

Speaking of Waller reminds us that R. L. Stuart, whose refined taste is well known, has an autograph letter of Saccharissa's, (see Stoddard's Loves of the Poets,) and a fine copy of Granger's Sugar Cane, (1664.)

Among the illustrated works not mentioned in Mr. Allen's library, is Harper's Family Bible, (India paper, proofs before letter) and The Court of Napoleon, 1st edition, with the suppressed prune-box engravings. These latter rare works of art are not mezzo-tintos, Mr. Allen informs us, but Dick Tintos, in a fine state of preservation! But the gem of Mr. Allen's collection is an old broadside, of the time of Henry the Ninth, (black letter, supposed to be from the press of Aldus) setting forth in barbarous verse the history of Mr. Allen's greatgrandmother, Barbara Allen! This copy is original, no other being known. It was formerly in the possession of Patrick Hearn, the Antiquary, commonly called Hearne the Hunter. (See Beckford on Hunting.)

Dr. Wynne must have been lost in the library of W. B. Astor, (The Astor Library) for he estimates it at only 5000 volumes. It contains at least twice that number, (we learn by a note from Dr. Coggswell) as the catalogue will show if it is ever finished! Among the curiosities of Mr. Astor's library, is a well thumbed duodecimo, the delight of its fortunate possessor—"Gouge on the Right use of Mammon." Why does Dr. Wynne omit all mention of this facetious volume? Nay, why does he omit the jewel of Richard Grant White's collection—the variorum edition of Mother Goose's Melodies? (1st Folio, 1860.) This chap-book once belonged to a chap named Barclay, who is supposed to have been the senior partner of the famous house of Barclay & Perkins, Brewers. (Perkins, it will be remembered, was the owner and annotator of Collier's Shakespeare—the famous Perkins Folio, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of the British Museum.) This excellent work, which, like Barclay's ale, is still entire, (we mean Mother Goose, not Shakespeare) has engaged the attention of Mr. White for some time past. He intends, we understand, to edit it—a task for which he is eminently fitted, his Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding. May the tall scholar find a golden egg in dear old Mother Goose!

Many well-known collectors are not even noticed by Dr. Wynne. Among these are Gardner Furnace, Esq., James Harper, Esq., Henry Wyckoff, Esq., Professor Zacharie, Dr. Brandreth, and the Hon. Horace Greeley.

To begin with the collection of Mr. Furnace. Among its curiosities are The Sinless Child, original edition, published by Keese; The Rape of the Lock, written by Pope Alexander, whose name reversed appears on the title-page: the prose works of Walter Whitman, the great American Kosmos, (no connection of Humboldt's); the complete works of Paul de Kock edited by Tome, and the new edition of Casanova, a decoction lately recommended by the *World*.

The collection of Mayor Harper is rich in facetiæ. It contains the various writings of Cornelius Mathews, Doesticks, General Morris' Poems (presentation copy) and all the editions of Joe Miller, with MSS addition in the hand writing of the possessor. (Many of these have from time to time appeared in the Editor's Table of Harper's Monthly.)

Mr. Wyckoff's collection is a strictly domestic one, intended for his own private reading. It contains a fine copy of Opie on Lying, (uncut;) the works of Sir John Cheke, (the gift of George Wilkes, Esq:) *Les XV Joys de Mariage, ouvrage tres curieuse*, (Henry the Eighth's copy;) Cœlebs in search of a wife, (the last production of the celebrated Hannah More, the wife of Sir Thomas More, and the mother of the Poet:) and several copies of Mr. Wyckoff's own work My Courtship and its Consequences. Mr. Wyckoff has a fine collection of autographs, containing notes from Fanny Ellsler, Miss Gamble, Lord Palmerston, and James Gordon Bennett. Its value can not be estimated.

The collection of Professor Zacharie shows the practical bent of his sagacious intellect. It contains A Treatyse on Nayls, by Ambrose Pare, illustrated with the cuttings of many years. Brooks on Tight Boots; Chubb on Feet; Bunyan's Progress; Hot Corn, and several of the serials of Cobb. The Professor's last purchase is Corn Blades by the Rev. Crammond Kennedy, (half calf.)

Dr. Brandreth has a copy of Purchase's Pilgrim, The History of Pilgarlick, and Tom D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The library of Mr. Greeley is rather miscellaneous than select. It is curious however as showing the range of his studies and the universality of his tastes. We have made a hurried note of its contents. The Life of Greeley (50 copies,) the Life of Fred Douglas; the Life of Barnum, (containing an admission to the private view of the What-Is-It?) The Life and Speeches of Seward, (imperfect) Youatt on the Horse, Miss Leslie's Cook Book, Beecher's Star Papers, Fern Leaves, Chapin's sermons; Fourier's works ("Bosh" on the fly leaf, apparently in Mr. Dana's handwriting) Patent Office Reports (large paper) Webster's Dictionary, Black Diamonds, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Redpath's Life of John Brown, Helper's Impending Crisis, Appleton's Railroad Guide for August, The Christian Almanac, 1859, an old number of the *Home Journal*, and last, but not least, Dana's Book of Household Poetry—all of which are omitted by Dr. Wynne, who professes to give us descriptions of the libraries of New York.

Doctor Wynne, we leave to your conscience—and the vengeance of your subscribers!

The Clothes of an Actor's Career.

By our sharp Critic.

Captain Cuttle speaketh to Rob the grinder.

"What sort o' navigation's this?"

Poor Billy is gone, and into his dress,
Mister Florence *his* genius has crammed;
It seems rather hard though 'twas *Burton* who died,
That *Toodles* and *Cuttle* are d——d.

"Music of the Spheres."

Bawls.

STREET COURTESIES.

FIRST DISPUTANT.—*Dry up.*
No. II.—*Dry up another.*
No. I.—*Shut up, you aint Heenan.*
No. II.—*No more be you Sayers. Git out!—pudden-head!*

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(*Continued.*)

"To which an answer pealed from that high strand:
But in a tongue no man can understand."

Inconvenience of the CONUNDRUM. "That's the worst of nuts," says Lazy Lawrence, "when you've got 'em, you've got to crack 'em." Of like nature is the worst of the conundrum. A friend approaching with a smile enquires, what's the difference between your new coat, and my old goat? What are nuts to such a conundrum? There is no clue by which I can be guided. Firstly, I am not aware that I have a new coat; I require *evidence* of that fact, before investigating the question. Nay, even admitting for the sake of argument that I have a new coat, who shall assure me that my friend is the possessor of a goat? Here we will see a difficulty is presented at the very *enunciation* of a conundrum. Secondly, supposing the facts are proved to my satisfaction, and the actual existence of the conundrum established, how shall I discover the difference, unless the animal and the garment be produced? So we perceive that in order to ask this conundrum, it is essential that the goat should accompany his master wherever he goes, and that the persons questioned should wear their new coats. And look at the expense of this conundrum! When its owner puts it at a poor man, he has firstly to take him to a tailor, then look at your high priced goat, probably an animal of extravagant appetite, running between your legs, butting over children, sneering, making a noise with his nose, and spitting at lap-dogs—why, what a very inconvenient conundrum it is!

And after all when you come to guess it, how is it to be done?—putting aside my analysis, as a transcendentalism. At first sight it deludes you into false assumption; for naturally you think it is some heaven-forsaken pun on G and C. So you go on with your goat, coat, coat, goat, from bad to worse; looking up the sleeves of your coat, wistfully regarding the lining, and attentively examining that suspicious and insane animal; then, though you see there is a difference, what difference when with all your deference you cannot see the pun. You look up with a sickly smile, and the ferocious beast, coming full tilt, knocks you heels over head, into some sewer. There is an other instance of the inconvenience of wit. And so you must go on for weeks, wearing out your clothes, and submitting to the ill-treatment of that venerable goat of Satan, till at last you happen to hit upon the difference—and what is it? Why, that one has buttons behind, and the other has butt horns before!

Now does such answer repay the trouble you have taken, and the expense of boarding and lodging a grey-headed goat, probably the father of a family? It may be. I will not deny the great merit of the conundrum. *Intellectually*, it is unsurpassed; but *morally*, is it such a pun as you would wish to make when preaching, teaching Sunday school, or dying? No, no; you would then select a more religious subject. And yet to discover the worth of a conundrum, you must risk the labor of its solution.

Ah! it's a great mistake to suppose that because I propose to make Punning Easy, that the profession is a path of flowers. I make Punning Easy, but the Punster Hard. The Retired Punster, may look back with pleasure on past success, but the man in business for himself, finds it no joke to be funny. The inconveniences I have instanced, are not the only evils. Suppose instead of a goat, and coat, the difference had been that of a boaconstrictor and a tiger? You would have found it unimportant. Exposed to the rage of the cruel beast, or circled in the rings of the coiling reptile, what would be the Punster's fate? Yet to these conundrums is he constantly exposed.

And even in the common walks of life, you meet with continual misfortunes. How often is it the case that you make a great conundrum—a capital thing—and running to see your favorite friend, the man who really appreciates your wit, and acknowledges your superiority, find him—out of town—unlucky wretch! You hide the joke till he returns, then asking him the question, discover too late that you have forgotten the answer. This is absolute misery. One of those conundrums perhaps, in which the answer is like one of CHAMBER'S sermons, having nothing to do with the text, and not to be logically recalled. In vain you turn, and twist, and squeeze the words—not a drop of wit is to be extracted. In your desperation it seems impossible that it ever *had* an answer. And yet you remember, too well, how you were tickled when you made it, and how infernally fine it was. Now it is a blind alley—an unsatisfaction that haunts the mind and will not be evaded. The mind plunges into a bottomless abyss, seeking its solution. Why is BOOLE like CHESTERFIELD? In vain you puzzle; stubborn reason will reply, "he is not like him at all—not a particle of resemblance. There is no answer, and there never was."

In such a case you must save your reputation, even at the risk of truth. *Invent* some reason, no matter how absurd it seems; or say, for instance, "because extremes meet." Then, though it may not be a good conundrum, it will be a pretty good lie.

Yet answers are not always essential to the conundrum. Those of my friend DANIEL are a great deal better without them. The questions are sufficiently funny in themselves. Should he explain them, the listener would exclaim, "a capitable conundrum! ha! ha! —good. But really, my dear sir, the answer ruins it forever.

Punsters of different nations annoy each other very much. The Englishman thinks the American extravagant. Only in the conundrum, however, have we displayed a national character. Our poetry is a TENNYSONIAN translation, (so they told READ) our books are modelled on foreign authors, our jokes alone, possess the true fire of the Revolution. I regard the introduction of the Universal Reply, or the Interrogated's response to the Interrogator, as a most important event in our history. There is no question to which it does not respond, with singular force and beauty. "Because he can't climb a tree"—its popularity proves its worth. Originally applied to the resemblance of the elephant and whale, it was soon found susceptible of a wider application, and elevated into the importance of a national joke. It shows how the corpse and the cow, the cabbage and the paralytic old woman, the camel and the VANTILE MACK, are blended, as it were, in a beautiful identity. It proves the Brotherhood of Man, and may be used as a philanthropic argument. Still when you ask a punster, educated abroad, a string of conundrums all having this answer, he is very apt to get angry.

But to enumerate all the trials of the Punster, is impossible. They are nameless and incessant. Among the worst of them is the aggravating stupidity of the world. I have already spoken of the general blindness and ignorance of the Art. You go into a church, and hear the dullest of sermons; looking around, you see no pretty girls: you become very tired, but are up near the pulpit, and do not like to go out. The minister never will be done,—he is speaking of eternity, and wishes to illustrate the subject. Your position is most unenviable. Suddenly the minister becomes solemn, and emphasizes some familiar word. A thought inspires you—you fall back tittering, then almost convulsed with humor, rise in your pew, and ask him if he really noticed that devilish fine pun of his, or if it wasn't meant. Straightway there is a disturbance! People wake up—stare at you as if you were insane—children cry—the choir girls laugh, and two or three angry deacons take you by the arms and put you out of church,—expostulating, arguing, and struggling all in vain. And what have you done? Nothing but made a simple pun, kindly, politely, and only wishing to do the man a service. And yet in this way, you are deprived of religious instruction, and perhaps made an infidel for life.

FINE ARTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Smilever devises an Æsthetic Mallet for pavers, and seeks a professional opinion previous to taking out his patent.

(*Professional opinion,*) "WELL I'M BLOWED!!"

Marriage and Architecture.

DEAR VANITY:—Your distinguished attention is respectfully solicited to the following case of matrimania from the *Herald*:

MATRIMONIAL.—A young lady worth at least ten thousand dollars in her own right who prefers a Presbyterian or reformed Dutch Church of good habits, and good looking, can see me, who is her equal, by addressing a letter to A. B., city of Albany, stating where an interview can be had. This is no deception: all letters may be treated as confidential. None need apply who are not possessed of the above qualifications.

Now I certainly have heard oh, fair VANITY, of a church which needed an allegorical spouse and a pastor—perhaps there may have been churches whose congregations believed in Ernestine Roses of Sharon and which required pastoresses. But the idea of a Presbyterian or even a Reformed Dutch Church wanting a literal wife—a trim little body in muslin—is to me incomprehensible.

The churches in question are, be it noted, not only of good habits, but good looking Gothic fellows I suppose, with fine traceried windows, flying buttresses and all that sort of thing—churches which are all oak within and all freestone without. Still I must say that could I influence the tastes of any nice young lady in this matter it would not be for either stone or oak, but for

PERFECT BRICK.

A Joke for our German Readers.

Why would a glass of Weiss bier be sure to succeed on the tight rope? Because it is a cool BLONDIN!

That's what the Dutch call 'em—Fact!

Summer reading for Rosenberg.

"A Fig for Momus."

A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION [TO THE GREAT EASTERN.

The source from which this screed emanates will be readily recognized by the initials affixed. It was written on the Fourth of July, which fact will prove an ample apology for any little irregularities of rhyme and rhythm. It would have been published in the *Tribune* of the fifth; but Mr. DANA does not approve of the practice which his sub-editors have lately adopted—viz: writing letters in the editorial columns and affixing their signatures. VANITY FAIR, however, allows its contributors all reasonable privileges; and for the sake of enjoying this delightful freedom from thraldom and supervision, H. G. has dissolved all connection with the *Tribune*, and will henceforth regularly contribute to our columns, *Voila!*

TO THE GREAT EASTERN.

Thou sum of ships,
Thou aggregate of fleets,
Thou concrete navy, many decks in one,
Draw near that we may count thy paddle-beats,
And prove thee real, for faith is well nigh done—
Are you indeed the monster that you seem,
Or but the baseless fabric of a dream?

When news first came about an iron barque,
Upon the stocks, her keel already laid,
Whose size would bear the palm from NOAH'S Ark,
And throw that old time flat-boat in the shade,
All said the man that planned out such a rover
To cross the seas himself was half seas over.

When time came round but no Behemoth came,
Then many men, with oaths upon their lip,
Called the Great Eastern by a humbler name,
And roundly swore that there was no such ship:
We classed her with the virtuous wives of Paris,
And "SAIREY'S" friend, the mythic Mrs. HARRIS.

Yet there *were* some, who, firm as in their prayers,
Believed and trusted in the plot's consistence;
For we are told the men that owned the shares
Never once doubted a great ship's existence,
Although they spoke their thought with one acclaim
That the Great Maelstrom were her fitter name.

Pounds, shillings, pence, all vanished in her hold
Like water down a thirsty throat in Lent;
Through doors and windows, hatchways all untold,
Smokestacks and funnels, down the money went,
Till each director cried with groaning soul:
"All are but parts of one stupendous hole."

But this is idle, speculation dull,
You're with us now, and that you float, we know;
But what a pity that your mighty hull
Had not been framed four thousand years ago:
If when that Rain of Terror first did pour
You'd hove in sight, how you'd have "tickled" NOAH!

Call on us often, often as you please,
From Albion's cliffs the distance is not far,
And when you've crossed the intervening seas
A host will always meet you at the bar;
And Captain HALL will tell us o'er our Hock
How our famed "Port" compares with "London Dock."

H. G.

Too Good to be True.

BONNER of the *Ledger*, JENKINS advises us, has sent one of his horses to grass for the summer. Can it be his COBB?

Why will Breckenridge after election be like a Bohemian without his Night-key.

Because he wont be able to get into the House!

INCONVENIENCE OF A NEW CHAMBERMAID.

You are one of the gentlemen who like to have the bedclothes carefully tucked under the feet. Get under cover—we one pull at the blankets—how do you like to feel the foot board with your bare soles?

Fancy Stocks.

In expectation of the arrival of the PRINCE OF WALES, Hotel keepers are making a vigorous move in Aldermanic and Common Council scrip, which is going up tremendously notwithstanding a slight panic, that was occasioned by a malicious report that the LELANDS might find their bill run a lee shore—a report we have no leisure to investigate, but which—as the Aldermen and Common Councilmen would be minus thirty-three and half per cent. did they vote against themselves, (and it must come to that) we hold to be utterly unfounded.

LAST QUOTATION.

Aldermen at a premium of 50 per cent.
Common Councilmen do 25 per cent., (open to bids from all Hotel keepers.)
Security required, and in case of a Ball, a few tickets expected by the City Fathers, for their own private use and entertainment.

Atrocious.

Why is talking DOUGLAS in the Custom House like one of HERRING'S trucks blocked up in Broadway?

Because it is'nt a safe proceeding!

A distressed man of Letters.

Our postman in this weather.

METEORICALLE.

The meteor on Friday night was seen by several people, if not more. STEPHEN B[illegible]ANCH saw it; the telescope man in the Park saw it: and the "special artists" of all the illustrated papers saw it. That omnipotent and omniscient representative of the *Herald*, "our reporter," did not see it, but he excused himself from negligence on the ground that Mr. [illegible]UDSON failed to put it down in the book. But though he did not see it, he saw a friend who saw a man who knew another man that did see it, and gathering an accurate description from his lips "our reporter" took his jack-knife and whittled out a wood cut of the phenomenon, which appeared in the *Herald* of Sunday morning. The uninformed people thought that the engraving represented the fossil remains of an ichthyoramus, or the skeleton of some former Sir[illegible]ne-Boojen-no-kami, but a scientific paragraph in the editorial col[illegible]ons told the puzzled readers of the *Herald* what it was. Henceforth however, a meteor by moonlight will have rather a diabolical signification.

OUR WIMBLEDON CORRESPONDENCE.

WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND, 3 JULY, 1860.

Knowing the interest taken by America—young and old—in everything relating to bullet-holes, I hasten to inform you respecting a very important one which took place here yesterday, and is now a leading topic of the day. Precisely between two and five o'clock in the afternoon, Her Gracious Majesty, Queen VICTORIA, came down from Buckingham Palace, on horseback, at a great pace, attended by the Prince Consort on foot, according to usage on these state occasions. The ceremony at which the intervention of royalty was thought deemed necessary, was the opening of a quantity of rifle practice arranged to be performed here, and Her Majesty was to do it with one of the new WHITWORTH rifles, and did it. By a novel application of the old principle "keep your gun up" and "point it straight," Mr. WHITWORTH succeeded, after many days practice in permanently fixing the piece constructed by him for the special use of Her Majesty, in such a horizontal position that a line continued from the muzzle of it would pierce the centre of a target, the bull's eye of which was a man's face, the bridge of the nose being assumed as the true centre. At precisely twenty minutes in the afternoon, all preliminaries being carefully arranged, Mr. WHITWORTH attached a silken cord to the trigger of the infallible tube, and then, deferentially approaching Her Majesty, who was accompanied by two favorite Skye terriers, Fiddle and Faddle, said—"Which of the two shall it be an't please your Majesty—Fiddle?" "FADDLE," replied the Queen with that firmness of manner so well known as a characteristic of Her illustrious family. Chirping up to him the little animal indicated, Mr. WHITWORTH now dexterously attached the other end of the string to its tail, and then, giving the preconcerted signal by sharply uttering the word "Fiddle!" Her Majesty's clear silvery voice rang out the responsive "Faddle!" on hearing which name the faithful little proprietor of it bounded toward his royal mistress, mingling its yells with the report of the fatal tube as a bullet sped from the latter into the bull's eye on the man's nose which marked the centre of the face pointed upon the target. Of the latter I send you a faithful sketch. For the rest it will be sufficient for you to know that I am the artist who drew the hole made by the royal bullet—drew it upon the spot, sir, and presented the picture of it to Her Gracious Majesty; a service, for which I received the honor of knighthood, also upon the spot, so that I have now the satisfaction of signing myself—

JENKINS JENKINS, KNT.

APPEARANCE OF THE TARGET IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING HIT BY HER MAJESTY.

Our Mild Contributor's Opinion.

Our leading daily journals chronicle the movements of distinguished persons in a department entitled personal. The leading editorials should be published under the same caption for they are bitterly *personal*.

A con by a "Gentleman from Africa."

When are a fella a-trainin' a hoss, like a gen'lman a-drawin' his wine for dinna'? When he are a puttin' it in de canter. Dare now!

VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press*,

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England, and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.'" Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The very marked and flattering success which has thus far attended the publication of

VANITY FAIR,

Enables the publisher to announce that with the commencement of the Second Volume, issued this day, 30th June, New Features, both Literary and Artistic, will be introduced, which will increase the value and interest of the paper, and fully maintain the proud position unanimously accorded to it, as the leading

COMIC JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

VANITY FAIR

IS ISSUED REGULARLY EVERY WEDNESDAY.

And is for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum, in advance—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Two copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$5 00
Five copies	12 00
Ten copies	20 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

BOOK, JOB AND NEWSPAPER

PRINTING.

THE UNDERSIGNED having a good assortment of type, are ready to contract for

NEWSPAPER WORK,

and to receive orders for the printing of

BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
CARDS,
HANDBILLS,
POSTERS,
BILLHEADS, &c.,

OF EVERY VARIETY AND STYLE,

At the lowest Cash Prices.

WEVILL & CHAPIN,
VANITY FAIR OFFICE,
No. 113 Nassau-street

FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINE.

Price only Ten Dollars.

One woman, with this simple, compact, durable, portable, efficient, and economical machine, can easily and perfectly do the washing of an ordinary family before breakfast.

This is the only machine that will wash all kinds of clothes perfectly without injury. It has been tested in the laundry of French's Hotel and elsewhere, with all other washing machines making any pretensions to novelty, and has, in many instances, performed its work in less than half the time required by any other, and much more thoroughly and satisfactorily.

It will wash a single handkerchief, collar, lace sleeve, six shirts, or all of these articles together, without the necessity of soaking or boiling.

These results are produced by the constant reaction of the suds, and not by friction of rubbing surfaces. It is admirably adapted for introduction into houses with stationary tubs, as it may be enclosed and connected with the waste and water pipes, and will make an important feature in houses "with all the modern improvements."

In Families, Laundries, Hotels, Boarding-houses, Hospitals, Asylums, Boarding-schools, on Ships and Steamers, and in the Army, it will be found unequalled and indispensable.

This machine may be seen in operation at the laundry of French's Hotel, and at the depot, No. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal-street.

PRICE ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Entire satisfaction given, or the money returned.

N. B.—The undersigned, Proprietors, are now prepared to organize agencies for the sale of these machines in all parts of the country, and to supply orders to any extent.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.

Send for a Circular.

Address Box 2,893 Post Office. P. & R. FRENCH.

NOW READY; HARTHILL'S ILLUSTRATED POPULAR GUIDE BOOKS FOR 1860.

I.

THE HUDSON RIVER—With Catskills, Saratoga, Lake George, and City of New-York. Described and Illustrated with Fifty Engravings. Price25 cents.

II.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—Together with Newport and City of Boston. Described and Illustrated with Forty Engravings. Price 25 cents.
From a tour made expressly for this work in July, 1859.

III.

THE ST. LAWRENCE—A Panorama of the river from Niagara to Quebec—Together with all the Cities in Canada. Engraved from the Charts of the Canadian Government and Photographs. Described and Illustrated with Thirty Engravings, in addition to a magnificent Panorama. Price 25 cents.

IV.

THE MISSISSIPPI—With Forty River Maps and Thirty Engravings. Being a complete description of the River from St. Paul to New Orleans, and principal cities connected with its trade and commerce. Price 25 cts.

V.

NIAGARA FALLS AND SCENERY—With full descriptions and Thirty Engravings of the chief points of attraction there. Price 25 cents.

The above Hand-Books are all uniform in size and style, and can be had separately. Price 25 cts each.

They are allowed to be the handsomest, best illustrated, and most readable and reliable Guide Books to the respective districts, published.

All the most important objects of interest and choicest points of beauty connected with these world-renowned districts are presented in these Guide Books with all the truthfulness which photography, first-rate drawings, and the best engravings can produce.

Any one, or all of them, will be mailed by the publishers on receipt of stamps for the amount.

They are on sale at all the principle bookstores, on the cars and steamboats, in all parts of the country.

Publishers, A. HARTHILL & CO.,
No. 20 North William-St., New-York.

Be sure and ask for "HARTHILL'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE BOOKS."

The trade supplied by any of the wholesale houses.